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BALLAD OF THE WHITE SHIP

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

WILLIAM NOBLE ROUNDY





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1905

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A BALLAD OF THE WHITE SHIP

AND OTHER POEMS

By

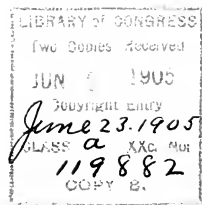
William Noble Roundy



CHICAGO

THOMAS P. HALPIN

1905



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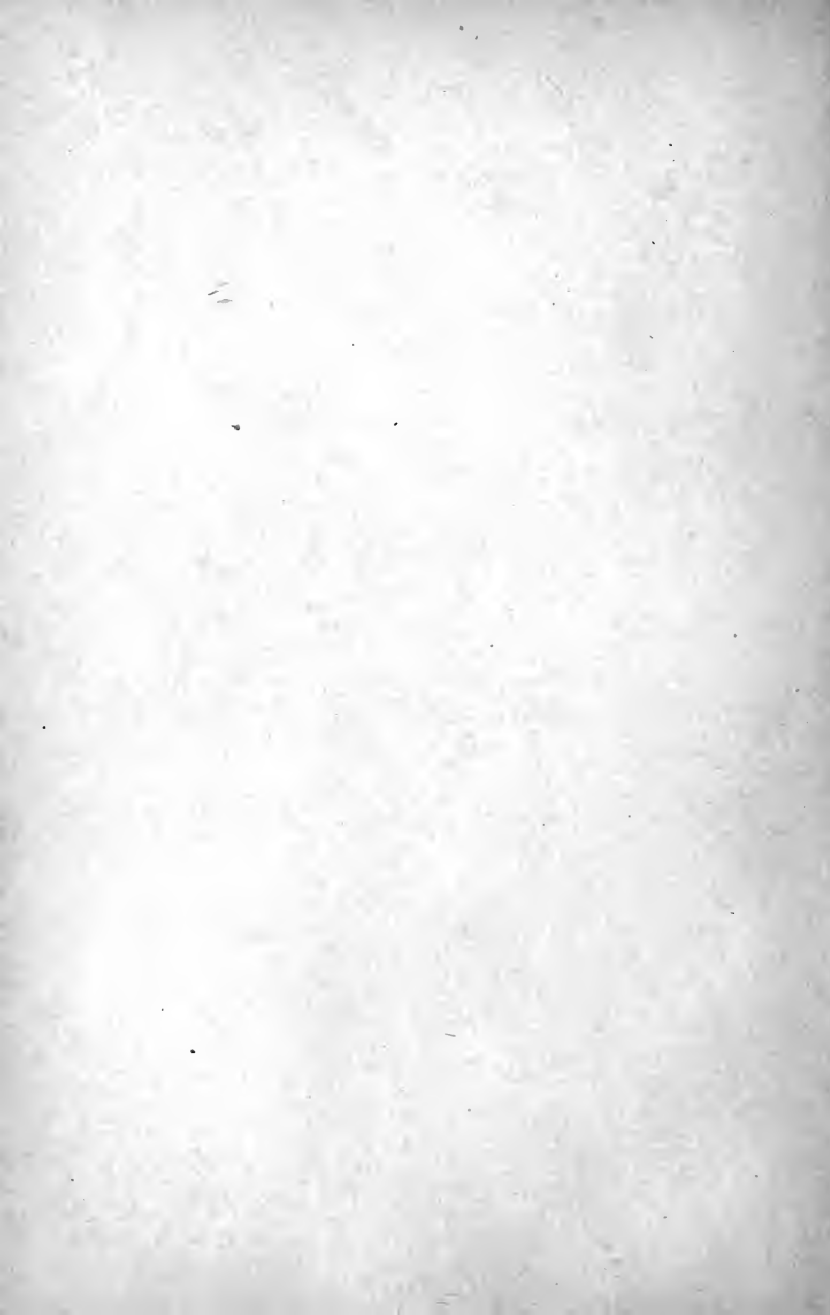
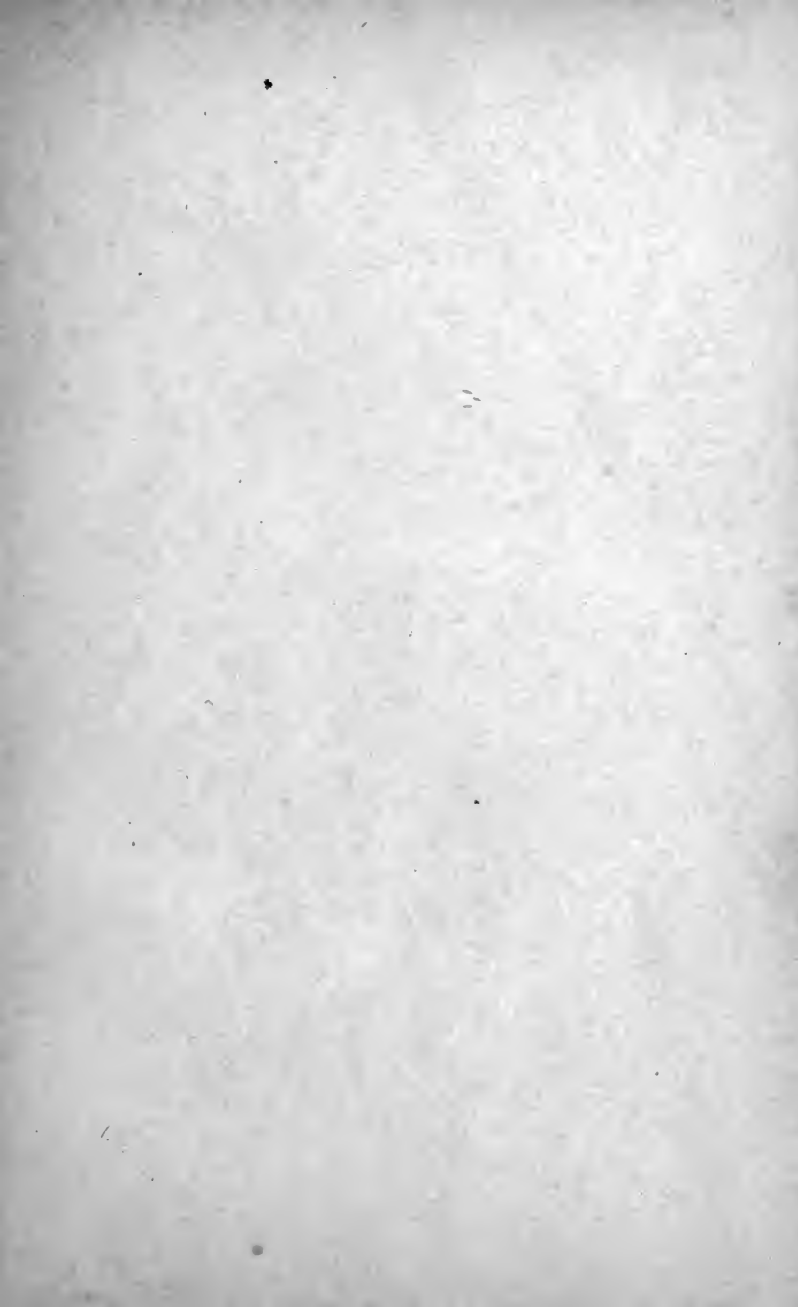


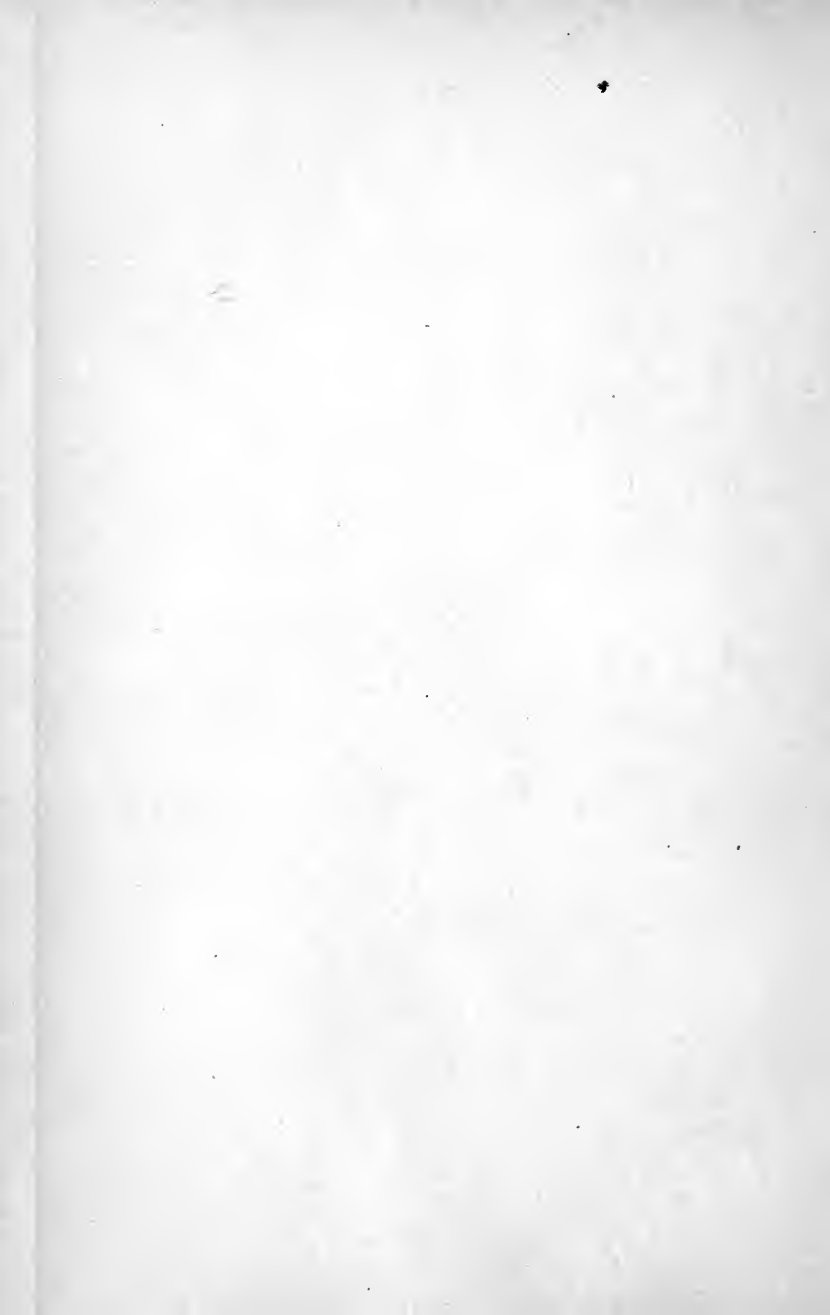
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TO THE MUSE.

O Maiden of the tender ways;
O Goddess of the splendid eyes,
To thee I give my love and praise,—
For thou art wise.

And thou art strong and sane and calm,—
Benignant and benign;—
A healthy girl of winsome face,
And yet divine.

Amid the discords of the World,
Self centered and alone,
Thou sittest still in majesty
Upon thy throne.

Not thine to turn aside to teach
The scorers of thy lore;
To know thee men must cease vain speech
E'en as of yore.

Then mid the holy silences
Where song alone can be
Perchance thou'lt sing again for men,
And men for thee.

BALLADS



A BALLAD OF THE WHITE SHIP.

(HENRY I. A. D. 1120.)

1.

The old King pointed across the sea,
As he spake to the prince, his son;
“There’s the isle that’s fair as Normandy,
And there is thy father’s throne.

2.

Round about it day and night,
The great sea standeth guard;
’Tis a goodly thing, I trow, for a king
To have such watch and ward.”

3.

Then spake the Prince, a fiery youth:
“What this English isle may be,
I neither know nor care in truth,
For what is it to me?

4.

One home is all that we can have,—
One country, too, at best;
And Normandy's the land I love—
The sea may have the rest."

5.

"Nay, be patient," the old King said,
"You are young, as yet, my son;
But some day you may be full proud
Of the isle your grandsire won."

6.

He patted his son—as fathers will—
With a smile such as kings may wear
When they look on a son beloved well,
And that son an only heir.

7.

Then in a tone of mild command,
With the smile still on his lips,
The old king waving aloft his hand
Led the way to the ships.

8.

The anchors upheaved and all aboard,
Right merry they sailed away,—
Courtiers and king and page and lord,
Toward the west where Dover lay.

9.

The royal fleet were loosed and gone,
They all had sailed away,
But the proud White Ship—the Prince's own—
Still lingered at the quay.

10.

Upon the quay many maidens stood,
O the White Ship was loath to go,—
A hawser held it stout and good,—
Held it tighter than rope, I trow.

11.

For the cord that binds young hearts in love
Is a small but mighty chain;
And scarce are the thunder-bolts of Jove
Able to rend it in twain.

12.

Of maidens there dark haired and fair
Were more than a good plump score;
Like blossoms rare such as knights may wear
They seemed as they stood by the shore.

13.

And some were wiping their pretty eyes;
While some looked over the sea;
And some were sighing dainty sighs,
While some laughed mournfully.

14.

Then up spake the skipper, up spake he:
“’Tis a freshening wind, my Lord.”
Up came the priest with his benedicite;
They heeded never a word.

15.

For naught cared they for winds or ships,
And priests, they did despise:
Each saw but a pair of rosy lips,
And a pair of bonnie black eyes.

16.

A cloud was passing over the sun ;
Spake the captain of the guards :
"No time's to lose. We must be gone
If we make harbor tonight, my lords."

17.

He waited not, but gave the word ;
In a trice the sails spread free,
And like a beautiful white bird,
The White Ship sailed to sea.

18.

Onward she swept, right proudly on ;
'Round her keel the white foam sang ;
Against her stout sides, one by one,
The clash of the mad waves rang.

19.

Bold her prow to the waves she rears ;
Wide spread her strong white wings ;
A royal burden the White Ship bears,
(But what cares the sea for kings).

20.

The cloud in the sky has changed to two;
The two are turned to a score;
Now the face of the skipper is changing too,
For his heart, it is troubled sore.

21.

Then unto him his favorite hound,
That close by his side did lay,
Looked up and softly licking his hand,
Whined in a wistful way.

22.

Again the skipper raised his eyes,
A ring was around the moon,
And as he gazed he heard the cry
Of a solitary loon.

23.

And then—ah, worse than a good man's curse
Was the sight his eyes did see:
Stood the drunken mate with a sober face,
A sober mate was he.

24.

As up from the cabin hot with wine
Came the nobles, one by one;
But though they sang a merry song,
The mirth of the song was gone.

25.

They gazed around on the black black sky;
They gave one look at the sea;
They thought of how young they were to die;
They thought of their Normandy.

26.

And one he cried: "Ten pounds I'll give
To walk to-night on the Strand."
"Fifty," cried one, "as I hope to live,
I'll give for a sight of the land."

27.

A third said: "O my bonnie bride,
Her heart, it will broken be."
A fourth crept close to the skipper's side,
"A mother is waiting for me."

28.

Then calm at length the young Prince spake;
 "Skipper, an' ye make port to-night,
I vow that for thy noble sake,
 My father shall make thee knight."

29.

The skipper he spake in a dogged tone:
 "My lords, I will do my best;
But when to the bottom my soul has gone,
 Why, Heaven must do the rest."

30.

On through the foam the White Ship sped;
 On through the deepening gloom;
Like a Spirit that goes to join the Dead;
 Like a Soul to meet its doom.

31.

O never the feet of a gallant knight
 Walked that eve on the Strand;
And never a fortune gained that night
 A sight of the vanished land.

32.

And O 'twas a bonnie bride that night
Lay weeping many a tear;
And a sad faced mother with hair snow white
Sat waiting through many a year.

33.

The skipper bold, though he did his best,
Yet never a knight was he;
For the waves they gave him a sailor's rest
At the bottom of the sea.

BALLAD OF HENRY HUDSON.

1.

“What ho! for a doughty ship-mate,
And where, I say, is he
Who dares to ride through the foaming tide,
Over the wild west sea.

2.

“Who dares to sail in the teeth of the gale,
When waves to mountains run,
And laughs to scorn the sullen morn
When the foam o’er leaps the sun?

3.

“What ho! I say, for a mess-mate,
With a heart like a good ship’s keel;
Who cannot hear the sound of fear,
And whose nerves are nerves of steel.”

4.

Thus spake old Henry Hudson,
And rough and loud laughed he,
As he watched the mood where the sailors stood
To see what their minds might be.

5.

Gnarly fellows the sailors were,
They had sailed through foul and fair;
They had made their home on the tossing foam
From Fear to Finisterre.

6.

Yet not a man who stood there stirred;
They had no wish, I ween,
Like fools to ride o'er the great world's side
Where never a man had been.

7.

Then up there rose a slender lad,
Mild were his eyes and blue;
But his cheeks grew red as he calmly said:
"Please God, I'll sail with you."

8.

"Ahoy, lad!" laughed the skipper,
 "The dragons will swallow thee;
Yet, by my faith, come life or death,
 Thou shalt be mate for me."

9.

Such shame then seized the sailors,
 On the morrow at stroke of noon,
Toward the West with a crew of the best,
 Sailed his ship, the good Half-Moon.

10.

Full many weary nights and days,
 Over the blue grey sea,
With anxious eyes to the changing skies
 The ship sailed steadily.

11.

Full many fiery mornings rose,
 And many gloomy nights went down,
While to the West with a vague unrest
 They sailed through the vast unknown.

12.

On they sped like phantoms weird,
The howling wind rose high;
And o'er their boat rose the waves and smote
The stars from out the sky.

13.


But whether before the wind they flew,
On with the foam's white speed;
Or whether they faced the mountain waves,
Ever at direst need—

14.

Beside the skipper stood the lad,
His blue eyes shining clear,
As if his heart had never heard
Of such a word as fear.

15.

At length when they reached harbor
On the New World's strange wild shore,
The skipper raised his brawny arm,
And a rough thanksgiving swore—



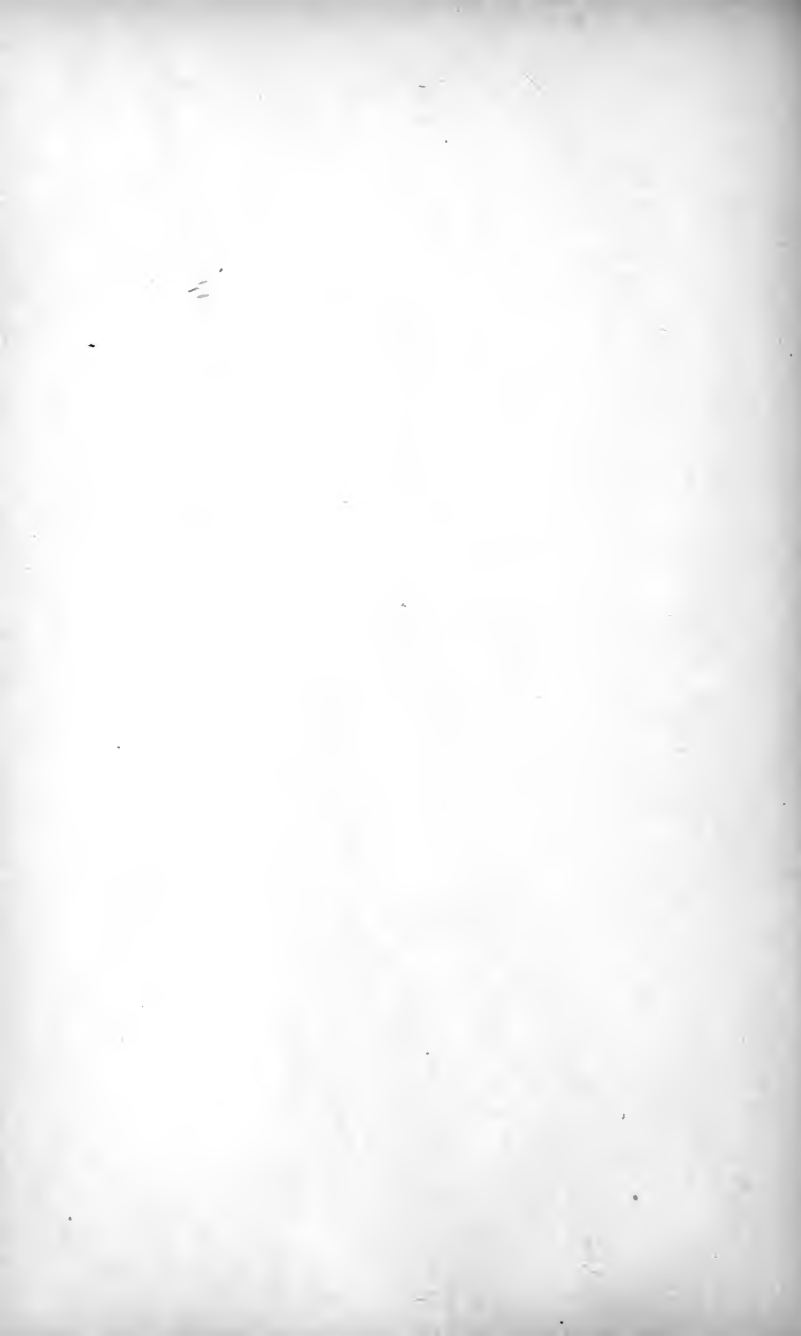
16.

“Fore God, Hurrah for the mate, I say;
I tell ye, men, what’s true:
’Twas the little lad, and the lad alone,
That brought our old ship through.

17.

“Then, hip-hurrah for the mate, I say,
Now give ’em with a vim;
May our luck be on land or sea
To sail with the likes of him!”

SONGS



SONG.

1.

Bide a little, O my Honey,
Hum a little tune;
Work and smile and laugh, my Honey,
Love is coming soon;
Love and Hope are coming by,
We shall meet them, you and I,
We shall meet them by and by,
By and by, by and by.

2.

Bide a little, O my Honey,
What if skies are grey?
Although Life is dark and stormy,
Life is also gay;
Love and Hope are coming by,
We shall meet them, you and I,
We shall meet them by and by,
By and by, by and by.

SONG.

1.

There liveth a Spirit in Earth and Sky,

(And its name is Love.)

An Immortal it is that can never die,

(And its name is Love.)

Down from the hills to the wide, wide sea,

Where men are brave and where men are free,

Comes this Spirit we know but can never see,

(And its name is Love.)

2.

There's a Vision that comes with youth in the morn,

(And its name is Love.)

It is ever nigh when great deeds are born,

(And its name is Love.)

It cometh to men when their lives begin,

To banish Sadness and Sorrow and Sin;

At the lowliest hut it will enter in;

(And its name is Love.)

3.

Alone and unarmed there cometh a Knight,

(And his name is Love.)

He conquereth Gloom as the sun conquers Night,

(And his name is Love.)

Where men are cowed by fears that are base,

With a step so light it leaveth no trace,

Comes a buoyant form with an angel face,

(And its name is Love.)

SONG OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.

1.

Cheerily, unwearily,
All the day I roam;
Through a hundred places
Where every place is home;
Past a thousand faces
Merrily I go—
Friends are all around me,
For everyone I know.

2.

Leaping ever onward
With a happy heart,
I bring about the meeting
Of cronies far apart;
Then I scatter lovers
Off through stormy weather
Just to have the pleasure
Of bringing them together.

3.

The Happy and the Merry,
The Woeful and the Weeping,
The Living and the Dying
I take into my keeping.
I bear the rosy Maidens
To and fro from school—
I serve the Scholar and the Clown,
The Pedant and the Fool.

4.

How I love the feeling
Of the iron track!
How I love the lashing
Of the wind upon my back!
With the way before me,
And the miles behind,
I love to watch the tempests
And hear the roaring wind.

5.

'Tis merry sport to travel
Ever on and on;
Working still the good work
That is never done.
Trusting that To-morrow
Will be smiling as To-day;
Letting all that cometh
Bring whate'er it may.

6.

Friend am I to every one
Who loves to race and roam,
And has the knack of trying to
Make his heart at home.
When I am old I want to
Travel as of yore,—
The hissing wind behind me
And the lifting skies before.

SONG.

1.

A moan came out of the sullen night,
And over the snow drifts pure and white,
Where the walls of the city in silence frown,
Calmly the lights of the stars shone down;
 Along the stones of the barren street
 Came the limping sound of a beggar's feet,
While through his ragged locks and old
 The wind, the wind blew cold.

2.

A light gay laugh came out of the night;
A pair of eyes gleamed fever bright;
The lover was handsome, and she was fair,
Yet under the glow of the gaslight there,
 From far away she suddenly heard
 The merry sound of a woodland bird,
While through her hair of gleaming gold
 The wind, the wind blew cold.

A SONG OF THE SEA.

1.

O men will go down to the sea in ships,
And sail away as they sailed of yore,
With stout hearts set to never forget
The women who wait on the shore.
They will sail away at the break of day,
Merrily over the Main—
But the waves will roar; and ah, never more,
Shall the sailors sail home again.

For the wind laughs low, and the wind laughs loud;
And it cries: "Ye are mine," to sea and to cloud.

2.

O men will go down to the sea in ships,
And with their cargoes of goods and gold,
Sad hearts they will take in their vessel's wake,
As men took such things of old;

And gaily they'll sail in the teeth of the gale
Past the beacon light on the shore;
But the wind will rage like a panther caged,
And the sailors will sail no more.

For the wind laughs low, and the wind laughs loud,
And it cries: "Ye are mine," to sea and to cloud.

3.

O men will go down to the sea in ships,
Bearing a brave and a bonnie face;
And all night long will their sweetheart's song
Wreath their hearts with a subtile grace;
"We are coming back on the homeward track;
Ho, Martha and Mary and Jane."
In a single night, lo! the storm will smite
Both vessel and sailor and Main.

For the wind laughs low, and the wind laughs loud,
And it cries: "Ye are mine," to sea and to cloud.

A DIRGE.

1.

Love is dead! O Love is dead,
And buried deep;
Naught can rouse it
From its sleep.
Then come away,
And let the wild winds
Rave overhead;
Love, O Love is dead.

2.

Now the skies are growing grey,
And the dusk is falling down;
Darkness blots the light of day,
Leaves are lying sear and brown;
Now the roses bow their heads,

And the violets close their eyes,
Weeping sad and bitter tears
O'er the grave where sweet love lies;
Song-birds from the woods have fled;
Love is dead; O Love is dead;
Love is dead!

SONG.

1.

Ye are great, O Land of Freedom;
My Country, ye are strong;
But never shall e'en power of yours
Make Right out of a Wrong.
The Lord of Hosts is Justice,
Ye cannot cheat his scales;
When Wrong shall overcome the Right,
'Tis then the winner fails.▲

2.

The noble cause ye fought for,
In your strugglings of old,
May be forgotten in this day
Through eagerness for gold;
But the judgment shall be spoken,
When Liberty has led
The ranks of alien heroes
O'er the bodies of your dead.

3.

Who falsifies his principles
 Shall by the Gods be scourged;
Ye may leave your ancient scruples,
 And good reasons may be urged;
But all the hosts of Heaven
 Shall celebrate thy woe,
When out of love for Liberty
 Freedom battles for thy foe.

SONG.

1.

Truth is hard and bitter
As the driving winter sleet,
Yet whoever fronts it
Finds it, also, sweet.

2.

Truth is stern and rugged
As December's wildest rigor;
Yet who dares to brave it
Gaineth Health and Vigor.

3.

'Round Truth's noble features
Floats no flaunting mantle;
But who loves her for herself
Finds her passing gentle.

SONG.

1.

When the stars are out,
And the Angels keep
Their silent watch
By the shores of sleep.

2.

The Fairies all
Come forth to play
And sing their frolic
Roundelay.

3.

Beneath the trees
In the shady glen,
They dance and sing,
And they dance again.

4.

Heigh-ho! they shout,
Full merry we,

Because our home
Is the wild-wood tree.

5.

O the wild-wood tree,
Where Life is free—
My bonnie home
Is the wild-wood tree.

SONG OF NOVEMBER.

1.

High on the dark, grey oak trees,
 Stray leaves hang lone and brown;
Under the slender branches,
 Great drifts have fallen down.

2.

The best and plumpest acorns
 Are snugly hid away;
Beneath the wild-crab apple trees
 No signs the fruits betray.

3.

The squirrel in its hollow nest
 Scrambles around the eaves;
Along the woodland pathways
 The breezes stir the leaves.

4.

The skies are growing leaden,
Yet things lie safe and warm;
Though winter winds are wailing,
Earth fears no wind or storm.

5.

Since Nature—wise old Mother—
In spite of ills that moan,
Still blesseth and caresseth,
And careth for her own.

SONG.

1.

What beauty in that woman lies,
Who, forgetting she is fair,
Takes the sky for looking-glass,
Like a rose in May-Day air;
Never giving
Thought to living
Saving only as she can
Aid the happiness of man.

2.

'Tis the sweet, unconscious things,
Which are beautiful to see;
Such are all who make earth ring
With spontaneous melody.
Merry, cheery;
Still unweary;
Feeling they alone can bless
Earth's despair to happiness.

SONG OF THE CITY.

1.

The streets are cold and hard and grey;
The smoke obscures the bright blue sky;
Each mortal who rushes along the way,
Is either greed's ally or else its prey,
(And each wonders why.)

2.

Some are dreaming in handsome homes,
And some are starving in a sty;
It does not matter what goes or comes,
For each is chained to the pitiless looms,
(And each wonders why.)

3.

A fever is eating into their veins,
They have no time to live or die;
For some one is pushing upon the reins;
And something is tightening the iron chains,
(And each wonders why.)

4.

Yet sometimes I think that the Angels see,
 (Looking down from the great blue sky)
That even these men who once were free
 Are paying for Pride with their Liberty;
 (And they wonder why.)

SONG.

1.

I find that love is something
Which cannot live on air;
Fair Love must still be feasted
On dainties rich and rare;
Pretty looks and sweetest kisses,
Billings, cooings and caresses,—
Every kind and sort of blisses,
Such as Master Cupid blesses,—
These must be Love's daily diet,
If you think to keep it quiet.

2.

Never dream, ye hopeful Lover,
Life is settled by a wedding;
That is just where dangers hover,—
That is where tears start their shedding;
Having won Love, I would mention,
You must give it still attention;
Wooing ways that show invention;
Winsome looks and fair intention,—
Such must be Love's daily diet
If you think to keep it quiet.

A LULLABYE.

1.

The wind is tapping the window pane,
Sleep, my Little One, sleep;
'Tis bringing the big, big drops of rain,
Sleep, my Little One, sleep;
The Night is dark and the earth is still,
The Shadows are flocking o'er plain and hill,
But never to thee shall they bring ill,
Sleep, my Little One, sleep.

2.

The lights are low in the dusky sky,
Sleep, my Little One, sleep;
But God and the Angels, they are nigh;
Sleep, my Little One, sleep;
Swiftly and gently, to and fro,
Over the earth the Fairies go,
Singing a wee song soft and low,
Sleep, my Little One, sleep.

SONG OF THE WHIPPOORWILL.

1.

Beneathe the moonlight all alone,
I sit a-dreaming still;
Below me in the shadows dim,
I hear the Whippoorwill;
I hear its plaintive, pleading tone,
Calling, calling, all alone—
Whippoorwill, Whippoorwill, Whippoorwill.

2.

“Poor Bird, pray why art thou so sad?
True love is lonely still;
Naught can ease a hungry heart;”
Then said the Whippoorwill:
“I will cry until I die,
For smothered love doth kill;
Whippoorwill, Whippoorwill, Whippoorwill.”

3.

So now, my Love, I sing to you,
For I am hopeful still;
And I'll keep calling, calling,
Like the lonely Whippoorwill;
O may my cry before I die
Pierce your heart through with its thrill,—
Whippoorwill, Whippoorwill, Whippoorwill.

*A THANKSGIVING INVOCATION.

(1898.)

1.

O Thou who taught us justice
In the mighty days of yore;
Who led our sires to honor
Through the flaming battle's roar;
We thank Thee, Lord, we thank Thee,
For the winnings of our sword,
But 'tis in these hours of triumph
That we need Thee most, O Lord.

2.

Beneathe our waving battle flags,
Lo, our foes lie in the dust;
In confusion they have fallen,
As such tyrants will and must;
From the scenes of ancient glory
All their pride is tumbled down,
Through the lands of song and story
They have lost their old renown.

* Reprint from the Knoxville (Tenn.) *Journal and Tribune*.

3.

We have sunk their proudest navy;
We have camped our gleaming host
On the plains and hills and valleys
Which their boasting folly lost;
We have raised the flag of Freedom,
At the dictates of the sword,—
Yet 'tis in these hours of triumph
That we need Thee most, O Lord.

4.

O be with us, God of Justice;
O be with us, Prince of Peace;
As our foes through pride have fallen,
May our own exultings cease;
Teach us to be calm and humble;
Grant us now Thy wisest word,
For 'tis in these hours of triumph
That we need Thee most, O Lord.

SONG.

The Storms may rage,
The Winds may roar,
The Thunders roll,
And the black rains pour;
But quick as they come they also fly
From flower and leaf;
'Tis only the heart of man that grasps
And holds its grief.

SONG.

When bobolinks and blue-birds
Sing the summer through;
When crickets and grasshoppers
Serenade the dew;
When many a trill of rhythms thrill
The hills to echoes new,
O why then, shouldn't mortals,
Have singing manners, too?

SONG.

1.

Hark, from out of the blossoming fields,

Where the grasses are soft and fine and green;
Midst the violets and daisies fair

Which are sprinkled in between,

I hear the happy choral songs

Of a merry group of birds—

Music that not to earth belongs,

Songs without any need of words;

A-down the air, and to and fro,

I hear the lilt of the music go—

To-whit, to-wee, to-whoo;

They are calling, my Love, they are calling you.

2.

They are calling you, for I think birds know
 To whom their songs they should bring;
I think they know that you love them so,
 That you listen while they sing—
That you watch, as far away on high,
 Through the depths of the deep blue air,
They mount toward the dome of the golden sky,
 To the sunshine waiting there.
How sweet that rhythm; how soft and low,
 'Tis a song that all of the flowers know—
 To-whit, to-wee, to-whoo;
They are calling, my Love, they are calling you.

A SPRING SONG.

1.

Come Roses and Lilies and Mary-buds all,
Wherever in bonds of beauty ye be,
Take never a care what tomorrows befall,
Good tidings I bring unto thee.

CHORUS:

The tidings are new, the tidings are true;
The Fairy of Spring is coming to you.

2.

Come Robins and Blue-birds, on frolicsome feet;
Come sing, O ye hearts that are gay;
Let your carols be merry, your merriments sweet;
For this is a festival day.

CHORUS:

The tidings are new, the tidings are true;
The Fairy of Spring is coming to you.

THE LOVER AND THE MOON.

LOVER.

Gracious, calm and holy Moon,
Throned within thy silver sphere;
Look with eyes of love around you—
Comes not my sweetheart near?

MOON.

Restless are the tree tops,
Restless is the sea;
And I hear a sound of moaning
Coming o'er the lea.

LOVER.

Look again, Oh, Moon, and tell me—
For my sweetheart's eyes are bright,
And my sweetheart's cheeks are rosy,
And my sweetheart's step is light—
See'st not two eyes that sparkle,
Sparkle like a star;
See'st thou not two dimpled fawn cheeks,
Such as my sweetheart's are?

MOON.

Below me is the darkness,
Above me is the night;
Only an endless empty void,
Yawns beneath my sight.
In the darkness I see nothing
Save the blackness of the sky;
Through the blackness I hear nothing
Save the Night Wind's sigh.

LOVER.

False and fickle art thou;
Blind and heedless, too.
I know that my sweetheart is coming,
For my sweetheart's heart is true.

MOON.

To those who love and those who love not,
There is nothing to be said;
Safe are the hearts of all lovers,
And safe are the hearts of the dead.

A SOLDIER'S TOAST.

Here's to our Flag—God bless it!

Here's to Liberty—God keep it!

Here's to our comrades, ere they go!

And here—here's one to the foe.

SONG.

1.

Fair Love a wondrous Spirit is,
Who flyeth far and wide;
He knocks at hut and palace door,
He will not be denied.
He calls to everyone betimes,
To rise and seek his own;
For Love the mightiest ruler is
Who ever ruled a throne.

2.

The sleeper he awakens,
He smiles on those awake;
And bids them do God's bidding
For their eternal sake;
He giveth first discomforts
And trials hard and sore,
If anybody hesitates
He giveth all the more.

3.

From pleasure, ease and vanity,

He summoneth the bold;

He showers all who meet him

With blessings manifold.

He fills faint hearts with courage,

He fills dead hearts with glee;

For love is still the monarch

Of Earth and Air and Sea.

SONG OF THE ROAD.

1.

Heigh-ho! I say for the wild wood way,
For the birds and buds and winds of May!
As on I trudge the whole day long,
I butter my bread with scraps of song.

O the meadows for me,
Where the winds are free;
And Life is happy as Life should be.

CHORUS:

Then, ho! good friend! for the road, I say;
For the skies and stars and the gypsy's way.

2.

Heigh-ho! I say, for the way that's wide;
For the merry fire by the river's side.
That road is best where the heart's caressed
By the sunshine warm, and the night's long rest.

O the meadows for me,
Where a man is free,
And loves his life and his liberty.

CHORUS:

Then, ho! good friend! for the road, I say;
For the skies and stars and the gypsy's way.

SONG.

1.

My fairy God Mother one day came to me
“My child, now what would your dearest wish be?”
And I answered and said: “Oh, let me be free!
As free as the eagle that mounteth on high;
As free as the clouds that lighten the sky;
As free as the tempest that knoweth no will;
As free as the waves that never are still;
As the sun and winter winds let me be free,
For I shall be happy when once I am free.”

2.

My fairy God Mother she waved her bright wand,
I rose from the earth, I soar o'er the land;
All care was the winds, all joy was my own;
The earth was my servant; the mountains my
 throne;
All mirth and all merriment flew unto me,
And now I was happy, for now I was free.
When (folly divine!) a-down from above
I spied the beautiful island of love.
When lo! I was mortal; my fairy gifts flown,
My mind a mere slave, for my freedom was gone.

SONG.

I.

The stars were shining bright and clear;

I heard a moonbeam crying:

O come with me,

O come and see,

Where sweet love lies a-dying;

A-dying, a-dying;

Where sweet love lies a-dying.

II.

With trembling feet I hurried forth;

I heard the wild wind sighing:

I am alone,

And all is gone;

For sweet love lies a-dying,

A-dying, a-dying;

For sweet love lies a-dying.

THE MUSE.

I.

The monarch, I,
Of earth and sky,
Of commoners and kings;
Where hearts incline
Toward thoughts Divine;
'Tis I who lend them wings.

II.

Who faces Fate
In struggles great;
Who tries to love and live.
Unto their hand
I grant command;
To them pure power I give.

III.

No matter where,
In earth or air,
A mortal gains a height,
I give to him
The courage grim,
The grip, and strength and might.

IV.

Whate'er he will
Shall be his still,
Who on Earth's mortal sod;
Shall dare to strive
To keep alive
The simple truths of God.

SONG.

Gipsy Queen, Gipsy Queen,

Come weave a charm for me;

Here's Wolfsbane from the marshes;

Here's bluebells from the lea;

Here's bloodstone flecked with sunshine,

Here's part of a fallen star—

Come bring—bring back my lover,

My lover who's wandered far.

Gipsy Queen, Gipsy Queen,

What do you say to-day?

The waves are asleep in the ocean deep,

Yet my lover is still away;

I called to the distant mountains;

I called to the lonely sky;

Yet while I seek my heart grows weak,

For the Earth gives no reply.

Gipsy Queen, Gipsy Queen,
Here is gold for thee;
'Twill make thee a ring as fine as a king,
As ever a king did see.
And still more will I bring thee,
Because I love him so,
A wedding ring that my mother gave,
Gave to me long ago.
And every day I'll bring thee
Garlands and ribbons gay,
If by thy charm thou keep from harm
My lover, who's far away.

SUNRISE ON THE PRAIRIES.

A gleam of light;
A flash of flame;
A glow of fire,—
Rising with resistless might,
Like Earth's daimons naught can tame,
Ever high and higher.
While from far away,
Through the golden tinted air,
Disappear the shadows grey;
And all the earth,
With sudden mirth,
Grows luminous, and fair.

THE WIND'S REPLY.

Within the night I heard the Wind—

It seemed to sob and moan ;

“What aileth thee, poor Wind ?” I asked.

“I am alone, so lone.

2.

Forever over land and sea,

From North to South I fly,

But the great gods they will give me

Time to neither rest nor die.

3.

As ever on I speedeth

Over land and sea ;

I bring what each one needeth,

But no one heedeth me.

4.

I work the will of Heaven;
I do the tasks of men;
I go and come; and come and go
Through realms no mortals ken.

5.

I carry rain for Harvests;
I carry snow and seeds;
I waft the ships on their ocean trips;
I blow for the seaman's needs.

6.

Like slaves lashed to the galleys,
The toil of the world I do,
Yet all the days bring me no praise,
Aye! it is bitter true.

7.

For some are born to pleasure;
And some are born to strife;
But I was born to measure
The loneliness of life."

TO ONE IN SORROW.

1.

The Earth will laugh; the Skies will smile,
After we are dead;
Then take thy grief not so to heart
O pray be comforted.

2.

The world is full of rippling joy,—
Of healthy work and wit,
But Life will only give to you
The things you give to it.

ASPIRATION.

(TO F. I. C.)

1.

From the quiet forest,
Eager for the sea:
Comes a tiny brooklet,
Laughing merrily.

2.

Over it are scattered
With an artless grace,
Pretty bits of mosses,
Shading half its face.

3.

Leaping up in ripples
Like an elfin sprite,
It shakes its pretty tresses
In frolicsome delight.

4.

For the sunbeam seemeth
Sweeter and more fair,
Than the dusky shadows
Of the forest there.

5.

So on and on it goeth,
Like a restless mind,
Searching still for something
It can never find.

6.

Hopeful yet:—unknowing
That its fate will be
To perish ere it hears
The music of the sea.

SONG FOR CHRISTMAS EVE.

Sleep, my little Rosebuds!

Sleep, my bonnie Flowers!

Santa Claus is watching,

Watching all the hours,

When the Earth is silent;

When the winds are dumb.

'Tis then, my little Sleepy-Heads,

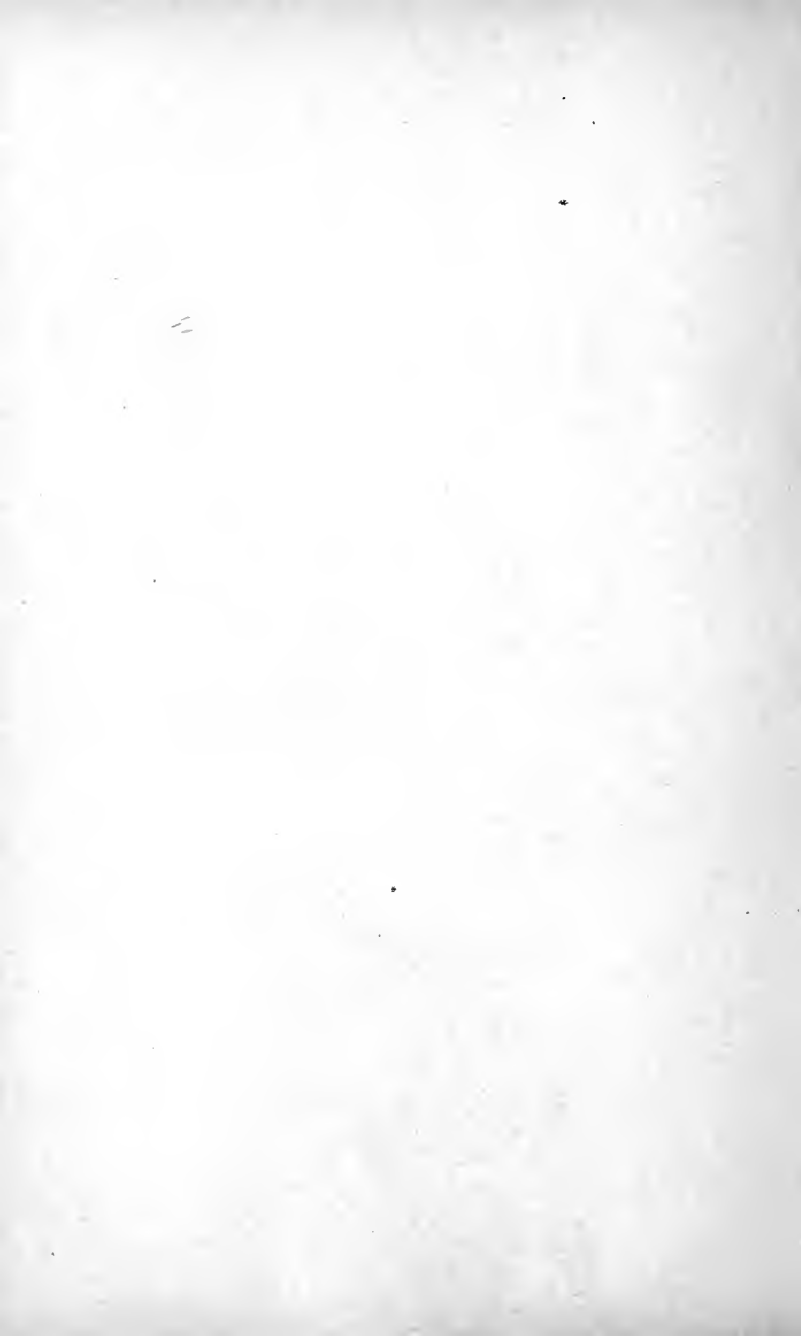
That Santa Claus will come.

SONG OF A WINTER'S NIGHT.

Far and wide a restless silence,
Lies upon the fallen snow,
Far and wide the wind goes wailing,
Like a ship to sure death sailing,
Whither, whither shall I go?
Looks it forth in eager quest,
To the East and to the West;
Looks afar to Moon and Star,
To the clear, cold crystal light,
That lies within the distant night,
Whither, whither shall I go?
But the Night no answer giveth,
Deathlike silence reigns o'er all;
Scarce a sign that life still liveth,
Save a voice which doth call
Low and faintly back again,
I am Hunger! I am Pain!

Still the lonely wind goes wailing,
 Whither, whither shall I go?
Brings at length a human quailing,
 At the sight of cold and snow,
Brings to men their pain and ailing,
 Brings them suffering and woe:
Through each weary winter's night,
Many hearts are warm and bright,
 Many more in silence seeking
 Comfort midst this world of weeping,
Look up stricken and unspeaking
Praying all night long and saying
 To the Earth and Moon and Snow,
 Whither, whither shall I go?
But the Night no answer giveth,
 Deathlike silence reigns o'er all;
Scarce a sign that life still liveth,
 Save a soft voice which doth call
Low and faintly back again,
I am Hunger! I am Pain.

SONNETS



(On reading of Theodore Roosevelt's work as Police Commissioner.)

'Tis men of giant mold that rouse the dawdling days,
Rough, ready men whose mood is e'er the same;
Unheeding scorn; unmoved by love or fame,
Above the realms of common prayer or praise
Who tread in silent solitude their ways;
Who take life as a duty, not a game,
Who seek for work amid earth's cheap acclaim,
While o'er them peaceful Death holds high Life's
bays.

It is a sight to see men of such breed;
Men of this old and simple minded mien;
Who look first to the great world's foremost need,
Who mask no honest thought behind Tact's screen,
But speak out like a soul that newly wakes
To war for God till Wrong and Error quakes.

SONNET.

The autumn days are Nature's festival;
A riot of all beauty and all grace,
The Sun puts on its fairest face,
The clouds rise great and glorious over all;
Through golden tinted oaks the wild birds call,
Rains come and go; and leave no wanton trace
Upon the earth. The ripened Chestnuts race
To meet the hands that catch them as they fall.

A perfect quietness pervades the woods!
And spreads its balm of peace above the Earth,
Fruits ripened; grains garnered and gathered goods
Create a sort of silent splendid mirth.
Smiles grow on every side where Toil has won,
The Earth's ennobling plaudit of—Well done!

SONNET.

Of all great Nature's gracious scenes I love
The crystal beauty of a winter night,
Through which the placid Moon sends down her light
Like some high message from Almighty Jove,
Which may from slumber sleeping mortals move;
A noble silence full of pure delight,—
A subtile herald of Earth's unused might
Descends in splendor from the skies above.

A solemn sense of moveless majesty,
Pervades the billows of the heaving snow;
Across the fields the hoar-frost's melody
Sings crisply where the welcome house lights glow;
A vigor as of wine enthrills the air;
The Northwind's rugged strength breathes every-
where.

SONNET.

(Written at Knoxville, Tenn., in sight of the great
Smoky Mountains.)

The World was like a fallen angel's tomb;
Beyond the river through the dusky air,
The hills stood with their gaunt brows stern and
bare,

Wreathed round with deepening mists of gloom;
The clouds,—dark threaded weavings of Fate's
loom,

Hung o'er the lights that flickered here and there,
Faint gleams of Hope in that vale of despair,
Where Happiness had now no longer room.

Yet as I gazed I knew the morning skies
Would gild to glory that same scene of woe,
As human hearts who wait for clouds to rise
Will surely find the path their feet should go:—
For 'tis the Patience of life's darkest hour
Which brings men to their meed of Joy and Power.

MISCELLANEOUS



VISIONS.

I.

Visions come and go again,
Leaving in their airy train,
Just a rhythm soft and low
Of their movements too and fro,
Something like an old refrain.

II.

'Tis the way with summer rain:
'Tis the way with joy and pain,
'Tis the way with all we ken
Of the lives of mortal men
Just to come, then go again.

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JOHN KEATS.

(DIED OCT. 29, 1822.)

I.

A worshipper of Beauty!
A lover of fine things;
Of sun and moon and starlight;
Of all that soars and sings.

II.

Beyond the English meadows
O'er sullen Northern Seas,
His soul went out to Grecian scenes,
And classic melodies.

III.

All high and noble thoughts were his,—
Their fragrance and perfume;
For splendid times and mighty days,
His heart had ample room.

IV.

He opened wide the windows
Of his soul to all whose crown
Was, like his own green laurel wreath,—
Of unfulfilled renown.

V.

Then when the day was over
And the quiet evening fell,
He died beneath the sunny skies
Which he loved so well.

VI.

Not in water was there graven,
His name with idle pen;
He etched it where 'twill never fade
On the hearts and souls of men.

THE FALLEN STANDARDS.

(Written on seeing some Confederate battle-flags at the G. A. R. Encampment, Chicago, August 28, 1900.)

I.

O pass ye softly, gently bye
Where the fallen standards lie;
Theirs the sad, pathetic, brief
Record of a mortal Grief;
Torn with bullets; seamed with scars,
Let them lie—these Stars and Bars.
Eager hands and brave and true
Bore them laughing toward the Blue;
Weary hearts with fainting breath
Blindly followed them to death:
Dyed with blood and warmed with tears,—
Symbols of dead hopes and fears,—
O pass ye softly, gently bye,
Where the fall standards lie.

II.

O pass ye softly, gently bye,
Brothers bore them once on high;
Kinsmen watched with glowing face
To see their folds of winsome grace;
Heroes clad in tattered grey
Have kissed them as they passed away.
Then He whose heart alone can know
Human hopes and human woe,
For their scorn of Freedom's land
Smote them with an iron hand,—
Crushed them since they could not be
Emblems of his liberty:
Yet softly, gently pass ye bye
Where the fallen standards lie.

THE POET.

All things I fashion
 Into Song;
A smile, a tear, a frown;
 Souls weak or strong,
Hearts grave or gay,
Failure or renown,
A King or Clerk or Clown;
I miss no deed they do or word they say;
 Wherever they belong,
Whether in the right or wrong,
Be they the Earth's or thine,
First of all they are mine,
Fate looks to me alway,
I mark the final record of their day.

II.

Wherever Earth's true soldiers press
For a prize;
In showy pride or unseen humbleness;
Mine are the eyes,
That follow every move they make;
All their gladness,
Woe and Sadness;
I watch it for the great Jove's sake;
That of all earth's host,
Not a soul's work shall be lost,
In gloomiest glen,
In darkest den,
Whate'er is done, I see,
And crown its faith at last with victory.

TO F. I. C.

Oh friend of mine, do you ever think
That the stars will rise,
And the sun will laugh,
And the moon look down
Through the kindly light of her placid smile,
Whether we live or whether we die;
Whether we joy or whether we grieve?
That earth and the things of earth will move
Onward still to the end of Time,
Cruel, unbending, stern as Fate,
(And also as true)
Like the sun and moon and steady stars,
Whatever we do,
Whether we laugh or whether we weep;
Whether we live where soft winds blow,
Or sink perchance to a bitter grave,
Lone as the tired gray sea sand,
Tossed up on a far off ragged shore?

Do you ever think that Fate though harsh—
As harsh as death to a man who strives—
Is kind and gentle as Mercy is
To those whose downcast eyes gaze up,
And suddenly see a kindly look,
Enthroned for them in a wreath of smiles?

Do you ever think there's a better way,
To spend the hours of our fevered days,
Than is sometimes seen midst the city's strife—
A way good Nature has always had
For living this mortal life of ours;
A way that's keener than warriors know;
That's wiser than mighty Statesmen ken;
That's shrewder than scheming merchants guess
Who carry upon their shoulders tough,
Or in their tougher brains perchance
The weight and the fame of this world's woes?

The way?—'Tis the way of the laughing springtime
flowers,

The way of birds that mate and sing,

To the murmurous music of melodies;

That flit among the blossoming trees,

All the minutes long of the summer days:

'Tis the way of the wind that comes in glee

Bearing its perfumes from the South;

'Tis the way of the waves and the wild free clouds,

That leap and frolic before a storm;

'Tis the way of the sunbeams, golden haired,

That bring the tints to the violets,

That redden the cheeks of the budding rose,

That woo the modest daisies forth

To meet the eyes of the beaming sun,

That laugh the sorrows from shadowed hearts;
'Tis the way in short of all simple things
That live their lives out glad and free,
Unburdened by sorrow, unburdened by joy,
Merry sometimes and sometimes calm
As the lilies that sleep in a forest glade
And who would never think nor worry indeed,
Nor wonder at all in their gladsome hearts,
As to the mysteries of this vast world;
And who know just nothing at all but this—
That they live and breathe and that life is fair,
That the sun is fair and fair is the sky,
That the rain is fair and the night fair too,
And that everything they see or know,
Hath something in it beautiful and true.

From out the City's prison walls I love to leap,
Unto a vantage point in some wide space,
Where I can see the sweep of things,
Woods, hills and valleys; rivers, brooks,
Orchards and meadow lands,
Filled with endless hints of many colored life;
The long and serried ranks of growing grain;
The placid cattle musing in the shade;
The hum and buzz of busy bees;
The scent and bloom of bearing fruit;
The whistling health of tan faced boys;
And over all, the sky's blue canopy,—
These things and many more I note,—
God's balm of beauty,
Which make up with their best and worst.
This great majestic wonder called the World.



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